was the brigadier for this territory, was hastening up four pieces captured from the Liberty arsenal, but arrived in the vicinity of the battle field about two hours after the defeat. This battle occurred on the 17th of June.

A few of us passed the night at houses of friends and found ourselves the next evening, sometime before sundown, at Syracuse, a station on the Missouri and Pacific Railroad. Here we met General Parsons and his staff and Governor Jackson and many of the State officers. Colonel Marmaduke, despairing of success with the Missourians, was seeking a Southern clime. We remained at Syracuse through the 19th of June and commenced on the 20th a retreat toward Warsaw.

We had been aroused from sleep more than once during the night, and what was called Cole's company started on this jaunt without the semblance of rations. In the early afternoon a man named Harness overtook us, riding without saddle, and stated that a cavalry command had ridden into Syracuse and was now in hot pursuit. We formed a sort of line of battle, and I heard Capt. Gus Elgin, of Howard County, say: "Governor, if they approach within fighting distance, we will place the wagons across the road and fight behind them." We learned better than that later. No enemy materialized. When we arrived at Cold Camp we learned that a force of Germans, estimated at seven hundred men, armed and drilled by one Cook, had intended to intercept Jackson's retreat, but were forestalled by the prompt action of Colonel O'Kane and Editor Leitch, who attacked them in two large barns, killing several and capturing a great many and scattering the whole force.

Our retreating column halted about nightfall, presumably to rest and feed the teams, and we were offered what raw meat we chose to cut off. I was pretty hungry, but I did not succeed in masticating a great deal. My steed, which was very frisky when we first started out and came very near ending my military career at its very inception by running away with me when only half mounted, had to be urged forward by spurring and hitting him over the head with the gun barrel. We arrived at Warsaw, on the Osage, a little before day, and I lay down in the bushes to snatch a little rest in spite of the seed ticks.

We had retreated a matter of fifty miles, with artillery and baggage wagons, in a single day. That was doing pretty well for raw troops. After a short nap I proceeded to town and purchased a light coat, as I had gone into battle in a blue overshirt. Cole's company was designated as the support of the battery, and we were ferried over with it. Some of us, including Robert McCulloch, who afterwards became a brigadier, struck off for Osceola. By some means I went to a different tavern from the others. I had eaten nothing but a slice of raw meat for two days and had slept very little. After a comfortable supper I retired early. The next morning, upon appearing below stairs, I was greeted by the landlord with: "You gave us a good scare last night." "How did I scare you?" I asked. It seems that after I had retired the landlord, being a lad of an inquiring mind, unrolled my blanket and found my blue shirt and, mistaking it for a Yankee uniform, declared that I was a Lincoln spy and proposed to do unspeakable things to me; but wiser counsels prevailed, and I was not molested. William D. Muir, circuit attorney, had furnished me a horse. His brother, Poythress, had lost his in the battle and borrowed another from a neighbor. We made an exchange; and as my affairs were in a very unsettled condition, I returned to Cooper County and restored the horse to his owner.

Having settled my affairs more to my satisfaction, and the battle of Springfield having frightened all the home guards to take refuge in St. Louis and Jefferson City, all the companies which had not joined Price prepared to do so. I held a lieutenancy in the Boonville company, but it had "played out." The captain of an infantry company which was permitted to go mounted offered me a mount if I would go out with him. I complied. We started from Cooper on the 26th of August, 1861, and arrived in the vicinity of Fort Scott about September 1. We had been in camp just long enough to cook and eat our dinners when we were ordered to mount and hasten toward Drywood Creek to assist in repelling Jim Lane and his jayhawkers. The battle was ended before we arrived on the ground. I think we lost no men. I saw two dead jayhawkers the next day. We doubled on our track and found our wagons by inquiring along the line, as the wagon train followed in the wake of the fighters. We had barely time to unsaddle, turn our horses loose on the prairie, and pitch our tents before a terrific storm was upon us. A thunderstorm on a prairie is an awful sight. Some of our men mistook heaven's artillery for that of the enemy. Our horses stayed by us, and we were soon mounted and *en route* to find Jim Lane, but he was *non est*.

One incident of the battle I heard related. The spyglass was knocked from the hand of General Price as he was reconnoitering the enemy. His son, Col. Ed Price, rode up, exclaiming: "Are you hurt, pa?" "'General' on the battle field, sir," replied "Old Pap."

We retraced our steps and went into camp, and I certainly did enjoy my dinner, having fasted since midday the day before. Soon a man came along and said: "Fort Scott is evacuated." Good news, though awkwardly expressed.

In the evening of the next day we were ordered to saddle and mount, and our destination was Warrensburg, as we learned upon getting on the road. We expected to capture a regiment of Illinois cavalry, but they had retreated toward Lexington before our arrival. We spent the night at Warrensburg, which was a rainy one, and resumed our pursuit about ten o'clock the following day.

Ladies ran out from the farmhouses along our route waving their handkerchiefs and cheering us. One volunteered the information that "Washington was taken." We rode mostly at a canter, singing:

"It was on the tenth of May;
Kelly's men were all away;
The Yankees surrounded Camp Jackson."

FORTY-FOURTH MISSISSIPPI AT MURFREESBORO.—Some time ago a correspondent of the VETERAN sent a newspaper article in which appeared the statement that the 44th Mississippi Regiment made a charge in the battle of Murfreesboro with not a man having any other weapon than his bare fists, but that when they emerged from the fight there was scarcely one of the survivors who could not show a Springfield rifle captured from the enemy. Reference is made to that now in the interest of getting the truth of it. It seems incredible that a whole command should go into battle unarmed, though not surprising that they should come out with better arms than they went in. The Confederates knew how to do that. Survivors of the 44th Mississippi are asked to tell about this happening. The comrade who sent the newspaper clipping had talked with Union soldiers who were in that battle, and they said the Confederates charged them mounted on artillery horses.

center without halting the command. This was done immediately. Then he pointed to a hill between them and the enemy and ordered them to face their right about, double-quick to the crest of the hill, and before the enemy could realize their action to halt and fire upon them by brigade, then with equal rapidity to face about and join the division in retreat. With a wild Rebel yell Cox's Brigade swiftly and precisely obeyed the shrill mandate: "Halt! Ready! Aim! Fire!" And the last shot at Appomattox is the immortal verdict of Cox's Brigade, which safely withdrew and rejoined the division.

"Gallantly, gloriously done!" was the salute of General Gordon; and although the white flag of surrender waved and a beautiful cause was apparently lost, to the brigade of Gen. William Ruffin Cox is due the credit of giving the parting shot.

The experience of war did not weaken the energy of General Cox, and he turned his attention to the healing and reconciling work of peace, realizing that a strenuous life was ahead. He resumed the practice of law in Raleigh, but the rare qualities of his character—his executive ability, calm judgment, keen foresight, and philosophy—made him essential to the public life of his State, and in the darkness of the miserable carpetbag rule he used his best efforts to destroy it. In 1865 he was elected solicitor of the Metropolitan District, thus discounting the boasted Republican majority of forty thousand in the State. He was then the only Democrat in North Carolina in a prominent position, but his work as Chairman of the State Democratic Committee resulted in a Democratic majority which made him the peace hero of the State. For the next decade he was prominent in political leadership in North Carolina, declining to run for Governor in order to continue his work for his party. Governor Vance appointed him judge of the Metropolitan District in 1877, which he resigned to enter the wider field of national politics, and he was elected to the Forty-Seventh Congress of the United States, where his career was similarly successful. He was three times elected to Congress and served on some of the most important committees, notably that of Foreign Affairs and Civil Service Reform. His declaration that civil service reform is the essence of democracy will ever survive as a national legend.

In 1892 General Cox was elected Secretary of the United States Senate, an office requiring not only ability, but tact, exactness, and cordiality, and he had the unique distinction of serving in this capacity under both Democratic and Republican Presidents.

In reviewing the life of General Cox it is found that interlaced with his most conspicuous efforts and earnest official labors was earnest action for the alleviation of his people. He was chairman of the committee which established the North Carolina Journal of Education, and his influence carried through some of the most vital reforms.

General Cox was especially gifted as an orator, and he delivered some notable orations on Memorial Day and other important occasions in North Carolina and Virginia. At the Mecklenburg Declaration Centenary in North Carolina he acted as chief marshal and orator in the place of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Since 1905 General Cox had lived in Richmond, Va., but he continued to keep up his plantation in North Carolina, for, like a golden thread, in his heart was love of the soil. He was for some time President of the North Carolina Agricultural Society, and his leadership was to the benefit of the land of his State. Age never dimmed the activity of mind and body, and nature, with her perpetual change and problem, was ever an interesting study for him. He was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of North Carolina, and for years he was a trustee of the University of the South. Through life he was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, of which he was long a vestryman and often a delegate to its conventions.

General Cox is survived by his third wife, who was Miss Kate Cabell, daughter of Henry Coalter Cabell, of Richmond, and two sons, children of his marriage to Miss Lyman, of North Carolina. The older son, Col. Albert Cox, returned six months ago from France, where he distinguished himself as an artillery officer, like his father. The other son is Capt. Francis Cox, of North Carolina.

"EMERGENCY AMMUNITION."

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In reference to the above article in the January VETERAN, our own war shows many instances where the Confederates, when running out of ammunition, used rocks with telling effect. The "Official Records" show that we used them at Romney, Va., also in the second battle of Manassas, where Jackson's men kept the Yankees back with this weapon; and at Gettysburg Tate's North Carolinians, getting in a hot corner, held the fort temporarily with these missiles.

At Berwick, La., Green's men lambasted the foe with bricks; but as they were returned to the senders, they were more in the nature of a boomerang than anything else.

At Gettysburg General Hancock was busted with a ten-penny nail which presumably came from a "ragged Rebel" who, lacking the proverbial silver bullet to kill the devil with, took the next best thing he could get and sent it along with his best wishes, and I imagine if that billet hit the "superb one" slab-sided he quickly realized that the "something coming to him" had arrived.

And then we Georgians had the famous "Joe Brown" pike, with which our State militia was armed; but as I can find nothing to show where our "Fireside Rangers" came to close grips with any opponent, I am not able to prove or disprove the fact that the aforesaid "jobber" was a deadly weapon or otherwise. I presume, however, that a man could have been killed with this instrument, provided he would let it be done.

FORTY-FOURTH MISSISSIPPI AT MURFREESBORO.

As to the statement that the above organization (known as Blythe's Mississippi Regiment) made a charge in this fight with no weapons other than their fists and that upon emerging each survivor was armed with a Yankee rifle, the "Official Records" tell us that this regiment was in Chalmers's Brigade of Withers's Division, and before it got fairly in its brigadier was knocked out, and consequently when the next ranking officer, Col. W. T. White, of the 9th Mississippi, had been located and took charge the brigade as a unit had ceased to exist; but as the 44th lost four killed, thirty-one wounded, and seventeen missing in the charge, it goes to show that they were among those present on this occasion. If General Chalmers or Colonel White had made a report of this battle and the 44th had gone in unarmed, the fact would certainly have been mentioned; but as they did not, it will have to be proved or disproved by some one that was there with them. Personally, I don't believe it was possible, as General Bragg had reported a short time previous to this that for the first time since the war started they had more arms than they had men to wield them, and I feel sure that he would have kept enough to supply his own army. As there were seven thousand small

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"EMERGENCY AMMUNITION."

[Continued from page 46.]

arms captured from the Yankees in this battle, I judge that the 44th got their share, especially as they had more of a chance for plundering on account of being (from no fault of theirs) mixed in with a disorganized body. There is a noted instance of a charge of unarmed Confederates on record, but not this one.

CHARGE OF UNARMED MEN.

Extract of report made by Col. Charles H. Tyler, commanding a cavalry brigade of Price's Missouri army, consisting of Perkins's, Coffee's, and Searcy's Regiments, in Price's expedition to reconquer Missouri in 1864:

"*October 25, 1864.*—Owing to its unarmed condition, the brigade was assigned to duty on the flanks of the wagon train, and, rightly conjecturing that our rear guard had been overpowered, I immediately concentrated my command and made as imposing a line of battle as possible. The general commanding directed me to support the retreating troops *morally* by ostentatious display. Accordingly, when our retreating guard appeared in sight, I told my unarmed recruits that our commander looked to them alone for the safety of the train and that they must charge and check the enemy. This they did, and very gallantly, considering that they had the example of so many armed fugitive veterans to demoralize them. My brigade behaved well, even if they had been armed veterans, and as unarmed recruits they immortalized themselves."

The records don't show whether they charged on foot or horseback, and I hope that some survivor who participated in this affair will write it up for the VETERAN.

IN HONOR OF SERGEANTS JASPER AND NEWTON.

The town of Newton, Ia., is the county seat of Jasper County, and recently one of the citizens made inquiry through the local paper as to why they were thus named, to which the following response was made by Dr. M. R. Hammer, Sr., of Newton, who is also a good friend of the VETERAN, and he says it was his people who named the town and county:

"Jasper County was named for Sergt. William Jasper, who was a member of the 2d South Carolina Regiment, enlisted in 1775, who distinguished himself by leaping over the breastworks under heavy fire from the British guns at the siege of Fort Moultrie and recovering the flag which had been shot from its staff and had fallen on the outside of the works on June 28, 1776. At the siege of Savannah he led the charge and planted the flag on the enemy's works, where he was slain several yards in advance of his comrades, who were repulsed with great slaughter. This happened on the 9th of October, 1779.

"Newton, Ia., was named after Sergeant Newton, of South Carolina, another Revolutionary War hero. One of his daring acts thus occurred: While lying concealed by the roadside he saw a small body of British soldiers guarding some condemned American prisoners. They stopped to rest, and he noticed that there was a woman in the party who sat down, facing one of the prisoners, her husband. She also faced Sergeant Newton. He said he never saw such a look of agony on any human face, and he resolved to attempt to rescue the prisoners himself, although unarmed. So he followed along at a safe distance, keeping out of sight. He knew that some distance ahead there was a spring at which he hoped they would stop for their noonday meal. When they reached the spring the prisoners were seated in a group. Near by the soldiers stacked their muskets and began preparations for dinner. Sergeant Newton stealthily approached through the thicket, caught up one of the guns, and ordered the guards to surrender. He then gave the prisoners their captors' guns. When the wife realized that her husband and friends were free and not to be shot, she threw her arms around the sergeant's neck.

"This incident is all that has been handed down to us regarding Sergeant Newton, yet it is enough to entitle his name to an honorable place in American history."

AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY C. W. TRICE, LEXINGTON, N. C.

I have just finished reading Gen. Basil W. Duke's "History of Morgan's Cavalry" and note one very grave error. On page 379 he says: "Next day came the grand Federal attack and the unaccountable stampede of the entire Confederate army from Missionary Ridge."

I was a member of Company A, 7th Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, which division occupied the Ridge extending from where the old E. T. V. and G. Railroad runs under the Ridge to the extreme right of the Confederate line, Govan's Arkansas Brigade on the right and Granbury's next. Our brigade was on the highest point of that mountain.

About nine o'clock on November 25, 1863, the Federals attacked our position, and we drove them back down the mountain. They reënforced and attacked again and again and continued to attack us all day and until dark, and we repulsed them every time.

After dark we built camp fires and withdrew down the mountain to the railroad and marched all night, reaching Ringgold, Ga., about daylight. About nine or ten that morning, the 26th, the Federals attacked us at Ringgold, and General Cleburne gave them another whipping. They retired to Chattanooga, and we went into winter quarters at Tunnel Hill, Ga.

PRESIDENT WILSON NOT THE ORIGINATOR OF SELF-DETERMINATION.—W. T. Hightower, of Sweetwater, Tex., renews subscription for two years in advance, "trusting that we may learn in the meantime why our honored President does not place 'self-determination' between quotation marks. Being a student of history, he should have at least discovered some of the main features of *our* contention; and such a gross misapprehension on the part of a well-informed American, who has spent years in the South, seems, I might say, at least surprising. Stand by the record; we are proud of it."

WAR TIME PICTURES.—The splendid picture of the Jackson monument, unveiled at Richmond, Va., in October, is the work of H. P. Cook, one of the leading photographers of that city. He has a large collection of war time photographs, perhaps the largest private collection of Confederate negatives, including most of the generals. Any one interested in these pictures would do well to write to Mr. Cook and get his prices.

In the letter from Mrs. A. E. Going, of Gordo, Ala., published on page 3 of the January VETERAN, an error was made in giving the name of her grandfather as Maj. Joseph Kiger, when it should have been Koger.

GENERAL ARMISTEAD AT GETTYSBURG.

BY MRS. H. F. LEWIS, BRISTOL, TENN.

In the September number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN I read an article headed "Do You Believe This?" the article giving what are said to have been the dying words of General Armistead, killed at Gettysburg. Believe it? No! no! no!

In the VETERAN of November, 1914, is published an address by Rev. James E. Poindexter, captain of the 38th Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, before the R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., in January, 1909, upon presentation of General Armistead's portrait to the Camp. Any one interested in *true history* can find the facts stated plainly in this article, from which I make some quotations for the benefit of those who have not kept the files of the VETERAN:

"General Armistead was no 'holiday soldier,' no 'carpet knight.' Obedience to duty he regarded as the first qualification of a soldier.

"Now recall Gettysburg, where the opportunity came for General Armistead to prove himself a hero, to write his name high on the roll of fame and win the plaudits of the world. To Count de Paris as he watched the Confederate column bearing down all opposition, buffeting with unshaken courage the fierce volleys that met it, moving on with disciplined steadiness under fire of eighty guns, 'it seemed,' he says, 'to be driven by an irresistible force.' A short time before the advance was ordered General Armistead, as was his custom, marched up and down in front of his troops, encouraging them in every way for the shock of arms so soon to follow: 'Remember, men, what you are fighting for. Remember your homes and your firesides, your mothers, wives, sisters, and your sweethearts.' Then came the supreme test. He quietly gave the order, 'Colonel, double-quick!' and, putting his black hat on the point of his sword, all the time in front of his line of battle, marched straight ahead through a hail of bullets, the very embodiment of a heroic commander. The hat borne aloft with matchless courage caught the eye and nerved the heart of his devoted men, a standard as glorious, as worthy to be sung as the plume that floated at Ivry above the helmet of Navarre.

"And now the battle raged with redoubled fury. The advancing line halted here for an instant. The veteran Armistead took in the situation. 'Forward with the colors!' he cried, and over the wall they went. The indomitable Armistead, his hat on the point of his sword, towered before them like a pillar of fire. 'Follow me, boys! Give them the cold steel!'

"Victory seemed within their grasp. But, alas! the support they looked for never came.

"And there in the Bloody Angle our heroic chief, grasping a captured cannon to turn it on the foe, fell among his devoted men, pierced with mortal wounds and sealing with his heart's blood the high-water mark of the Confederate cause.

"As they bore him to the rear they met Hancock. Each recognized the other. They had been comrades in the old army. Hancock dismounted and grasped Armistead's hand, expressing sympathy and promised to send mementoes and messages to his loved ones in Virginia.

"He died on the 5th of July, leaving an example of patriotic ardor, of heroism, and devotion to duty which ought to be handed down through the ages.

"None died on that field with glory greater than he, though many died whose names we hold in deathless honor. The heart of Virginia was wrung with anguish. Her stately head was bowed in grief. The flower of her chivalry fell in that fatal charge. But none so lamented as Armistead, none crowned with glory like his. Many another had done valiantly, but he surpassed them all.

"He did a deed that was matchless, unique, and without parallel on that field when, leading his men with unflinching courage through the storm of fire, he pierced the enemy's line and fell there in the Bloody Angle. Not Wolfe at Quebec nor Ney at Waterloo ever exhibited a grander example of heroism and devotion than that displayed by our lamented chief."

Do you believe it? Never!

THE GALLANT OLD FORTY-FOURTH MISSISSIPPI.

BY J. N. THOMPSON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Attention, 44th! But hark! there is no response. Where are they—they who made up that once grand old regiment, four hundred strong? Echo answers, Where?

Even after these many long years I can hear that stern, commanding voice of our grand old colonel, A. K. Blythe, fearless and brave, when we were ordered to move forward early that Sunday morning of April 6, 1862, to drive Grant's army off the battle field of Shiloh. How little did we think he would be numbered so soon with the slain, as also our lieutenant colonel, David Herron, both of my company, E, from Oakland, Miss.

We went into the battle with three hundred and fifty men, and at the close of day there were only two hundred left to tell the tale. Captain Sims was detailed to take the body of Colonel Blythe to his wife at Columbus, Miss. On reaching her home he was told that Mrs. Blythe was in the garden. As he approached her she said to him: "I know what you have come to tell me. He has been killed. I saw him pass the gate just now. How strange, how sad!"

With all that was left of the 44th Maj. James Moore bivouacked near the Shiloh Church. Early in the morning of the 7th the battle was renewed and continued until half-past two, when General Beauregard, knowing that General Grant had been reënforced by Buell with twenty thousand fresh troops, saw proper to withdraw from the unequal contest. So ended the battle of Shiloh.

After General Bragg reorganized his army preparatory to his long march through Kentucky, we were sent to Chattanooga. At Munfordville, Ky., the 44th suffered severely with the loss of our last regimental officer, Major Moore. Our next battle was at Murfreesboro, and here the 44th had an experience the like of which, I presume, was never known before or since. It was this way: Just before the battle the major's servant had returned from his home in Hernando, Miss., sick, and it was found he had a case of smallpox; so the 44th was quarantined in the woods on the bank of Stones River, and our guns were turned over to other commands.

We were having a good, easy time, but one day it was rumored that General Rosecrans was going to pay General Bragg a visit and bring all his family; so General Bragg made arrangements to give him a warm reception. The 44th thought, of course, that they would be slighted on that occasion, but not so. When the order came to fall in, we had to take our place in line, guns or no guns. The next day two long blue lines appeared in our front eight hundred yards distant. We lay there waiting for something to turn

up, and when it did turn up we had all the guns and more than we needed. After that we had a hand in the frolic. It was well for us that the battle opened on the extreme left; we were on the right center.

At Chickamauga we lost our second major. While the Minié balls were falling thick and fast from Snodgrass Hill he remarked to Colonel Sharpe that he had often heard the expression, "Hell's broke loose in Georgia," and he was satisfied that was the place. Soon one of those missiles of death pierced his brain, and he sank to rest, while the noise of the battle rolled on and the Miniés sang a requiem over his lifeless form—"requiescat in pace." He was true to the cause. I had heard him say to his fourteen-year-old son that he would rather see him killed on the battle field than to go home without a wound. But the boy did go home without a scratch.

One evening in May, 1864, on the march we came to a country church in the forks of two roads. After learning the name of the church (New Hope), the thought came to me that that would be a good name for a battle, never dreaming of what was in store. We had passed the church but a short distance when the order came to halt. We were turned back, formed in line of battle, and soon the ball opened. That was on May 25, 1864.

On the 27th I received two wounds, one in the head and one in the left hand. I was sent to the field hospital, and it was four days before my wounds were dressed. From there I was moved to the Floyd Hospital, in Macon, Ga., and I shall ever believe that but for the kind attention I received at the hands of the good ladies of Macon I would not be here to-day to sing their praise. One day Miss K. P. said to me as I was convalescing: "Did you not notice how unconcerned the doctors were about you?" I replied that I did think they could have done more for me. "Well," she said, "it was a fact. They did not expect you to get well." And I bethought me how a wounded soldier's suffering would be lightened ten thousand fold under the tender care of those angels of mercy, the ladies of Macon, Ga. They perhaps have all passed away. Like a flower their spirit did depart.

"O, thank God,
Of life this is so small a part;
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart."

I was paroled at Grenada, Miss., on May 19, 1865.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY GEORGE W. SIRRINE, GREENVILLE, S. C.

Many personal reminiscences of Confederate soldiers appear in the VETERAN, all of which are read with great interest by the old vets. Some of these are very amusing, others tragic and sad. Probably these articles attract as much attention as any that are contributed. They command my attention and are the first to be read.

Responding to your request for contributions of this kind, I venture to give an incident that is unusual.

Just before the advance on the Federal lines at Franklin, Tenn., a detachment of Harvey's Scouts, of which I was a member, was ordered by General Forrest to cross the river and watch the extreme right flank of the advance. If I am not mistaken, Gen. W. H. Jackson's brigade of cavalry occupied the extreme right, advancing dismounted. The Scouts deployed, mounted, on their right, advancing in front sufficiently to give notice should a flank movement of the enemy threaten. The fighting at this point was very light compared with that in the immediate front, which was no less than butchery.

When night closed in and the line retired, I found myself alone between the two lines. Returning over the field of battle, I picked up a wounded soldier who was unable to walk. By crawling to a stump he succeeded in getting on my horse behind me and held on until we reached the camp fires of his regiment.

I found that no one knew the location of General Forrest's headquarters. In my hunt for it, passing through a field, I found a small stack of fodder. As my horse had had nothing to eat since the night before, I dismounted and tied about twenty bundles together with my halter strap, and, resting them behind my saddle, with strap over my shoulder, I continued my search. Failing to find headquarters and being very tired and dispirited, I stopped at a fire where several had struck camp, found a place to tie Old Jim, gave him as much fodder as he could eat, and made down my bed between two rails. Opening several bundles of fodder, I spread it evenly on the ground, placed my blanket over this, made a pillow of saddle, boots and belt, and navy, threw my oilcloth over me, with my feet to the fire, and was asleep in less than a minute.

I must have slept an hour or more when I was rudely awakened by two or three men pounding me and pulling at my clothes. In my confusion I fought and hunted for my pistol, but soon found that friendly hands were doing something necessary to my comfort.

It seems that sparks from the chestnut rail fire had been thrown under my blanket and set fire to the fodder. Fortunately the blanket was all wool and burned slowly, resisting the flames which destroyed the fodder. One of the men happened to be awake and discovered my plight before the flames reached my skin and, with the assistance of others, pulled me up and put out the fire, but not before one leg of my pants and one coat sleeve were scorched so that the cloth fell away on being touched, leaving me with a one-legged pair of pants and a one-sleeve coat. The blanket was almost a total loss, one stirrup strap was burned, pistol belt nearly burned in two, and my hat a wreck.

A few days afterwards we were sent to Lebanon and Gallatin to watch the movement in that zone, and the good women of the former place provided me with a coat, pants, and hat. The family of a Mr. Ashworth and a fine old lady named Mrs. White were the donors. Others were also very kind to our squad, giving us food and feed for our horses.

Another incident that affected me very much occurred the night the army reached Nashville.

About midnight Captain Harvey ordered me to go a few miles down the Murfreesboro Pike, take a crossroad at a given point, and find a certain house, then ask for a Captain Cross, who commanded an independent company operating in this section, who would join us in scouting, being familiar with the country.

The weather was bitter cold, and, being thinly clad, I was chilled to the bone when I reached the house. After a warm reception by a pack of hounds, more loud than dangerous, I knocked at the door several times. At length a voice inside inquired my business, and on being satisfied of my peaceful intentions an old gentleman admitted me to the hall. Through an open doorway I saw a big fireplace full of live coals, to which with scant courtesy I hurried and spread myself before